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The Diverting History

of

ONE OF  
R. CALDECOTT'S  
PICTURE BOOKS

# JOHN GILPIN



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# THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN:

*Showing how he went farther than he intended, and  
came safe home again.*



JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band captain eke was he,  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
"Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the 'Bell' at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride  
On horseback after we."



The Linendraper bold

He soon replied, "I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said ; | John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;  
And for that wine is dear, | O'erjoyed was he to find,  
We will be furnished with our own, | That though on pleasure she was bent,  
Which is both bright and clear." | She had a frugal mind.





The morning came, the chaise was

But yet was not allowed [brought,  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,  
Where they did all get in;  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

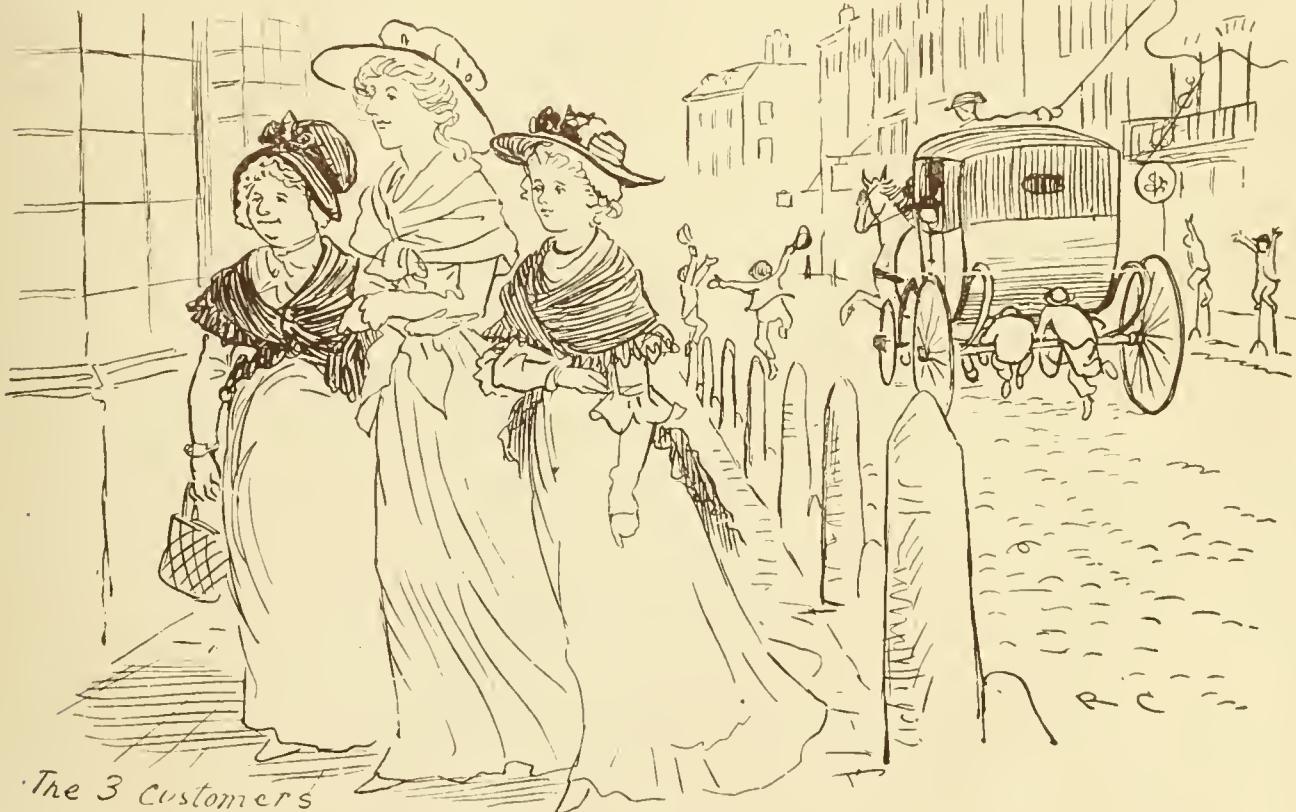
Smack went the whip, round went the  
Were never folks so glad! [wheels,  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side

Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.





'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came downstairs,  
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good luck!" quoth he, "yet bring it  
My leathern belt likewise, [me,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise."

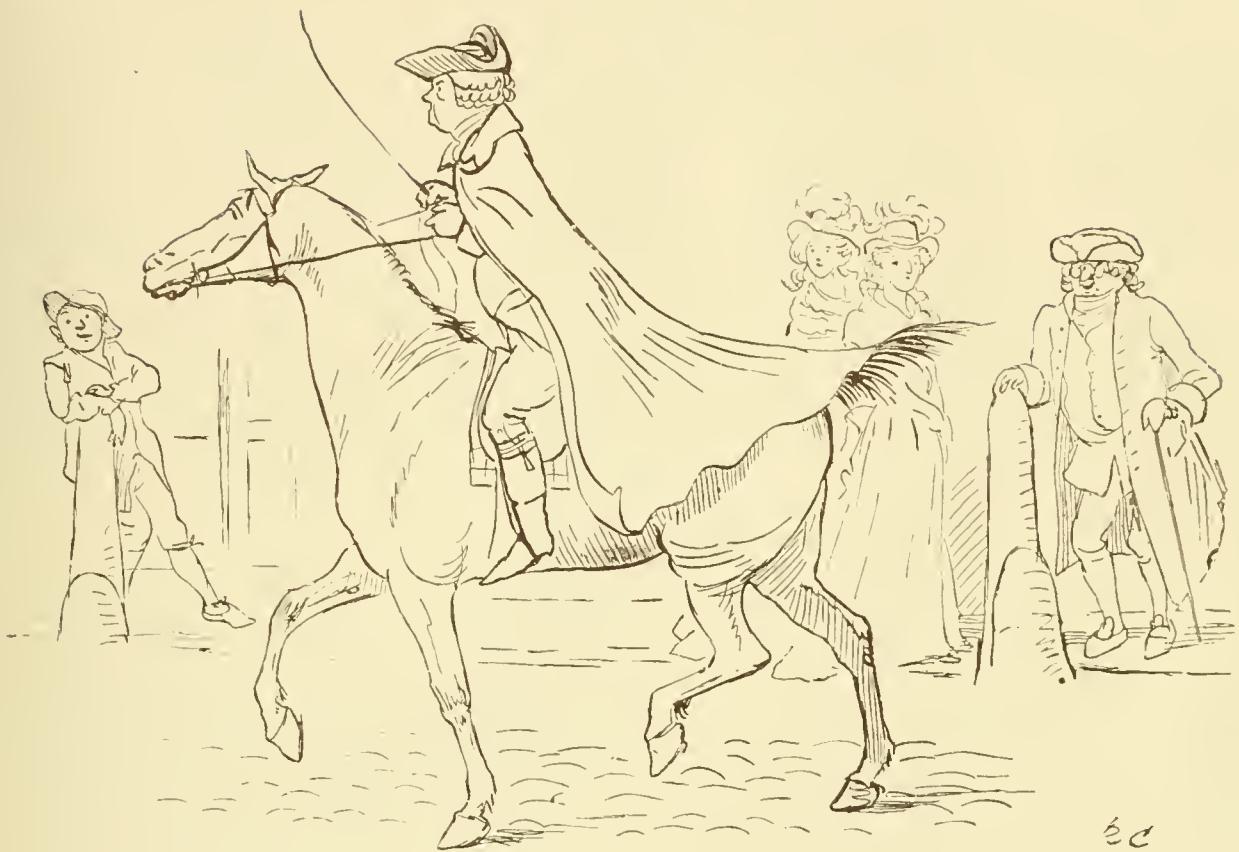
Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)  
Had two stone bottles found,

To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and  
He manfully did throw. [neat,

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.



But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.



“So, fair and softly!” John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his  
And eke with all his might. [hands,  
His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,

What thing upon his back had got,  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;  
Away went hat and wig;  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.



Then might all people well discern  
 The bottles he had slung;  
 A bottle swinging at each side,  
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed, And still as fast as he drew near,  
 Up flew the windows all; 'Twas wonderful to view  
 And every soul cried out, "Well done!" How in a trice the turnpike-men  
 As loud as he could bawl. Their gates wide open threw.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?  
 His fame soon spread around;  
 "He carries weight! he rides a race!  
 'Tis for a thousand pound!"



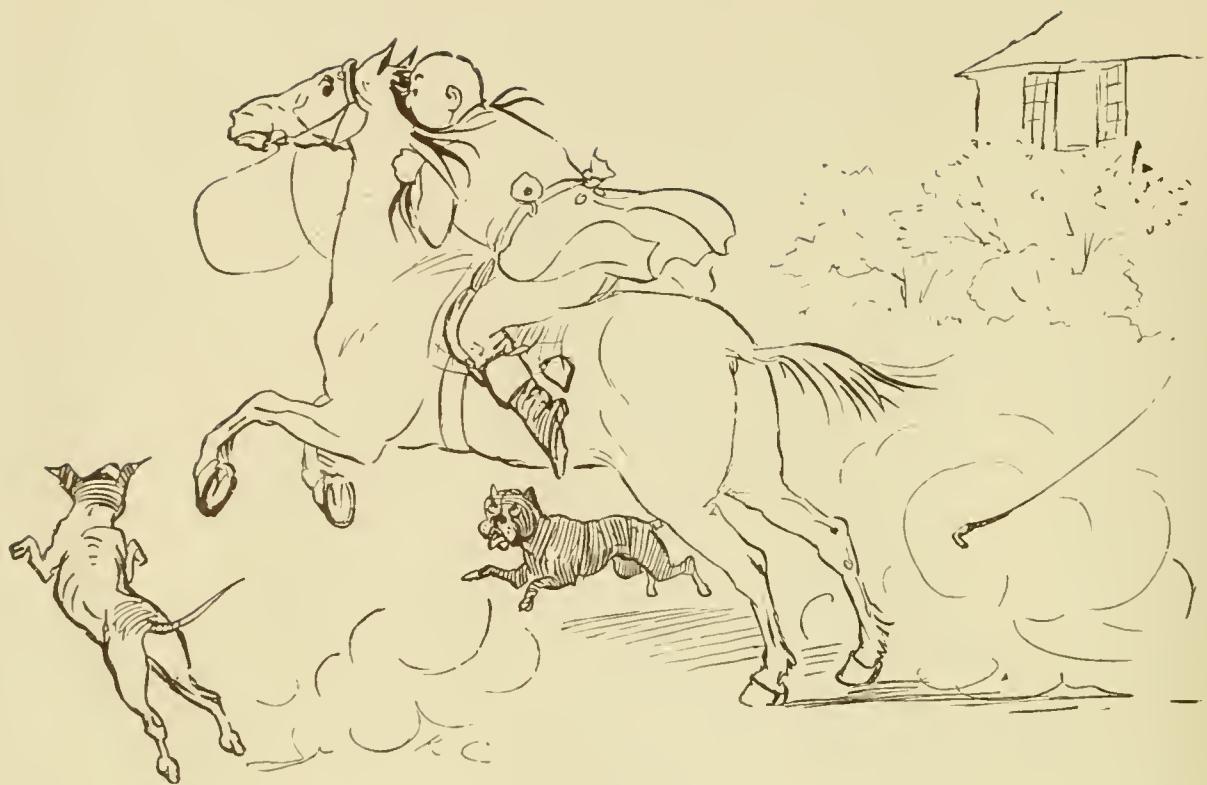




And now, as he went bowing down Down ran the wine into the road,  
His reeking head full low, | Most piteous to be seen,  
The bottles twain behind his back Which made the horse's flanks to  
Were shattered at a blow. As they had basted been. [smoke,



But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced ;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.



Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.



At Edmonton his loving wife

From the balcony spied

Her tender husband, wondering much

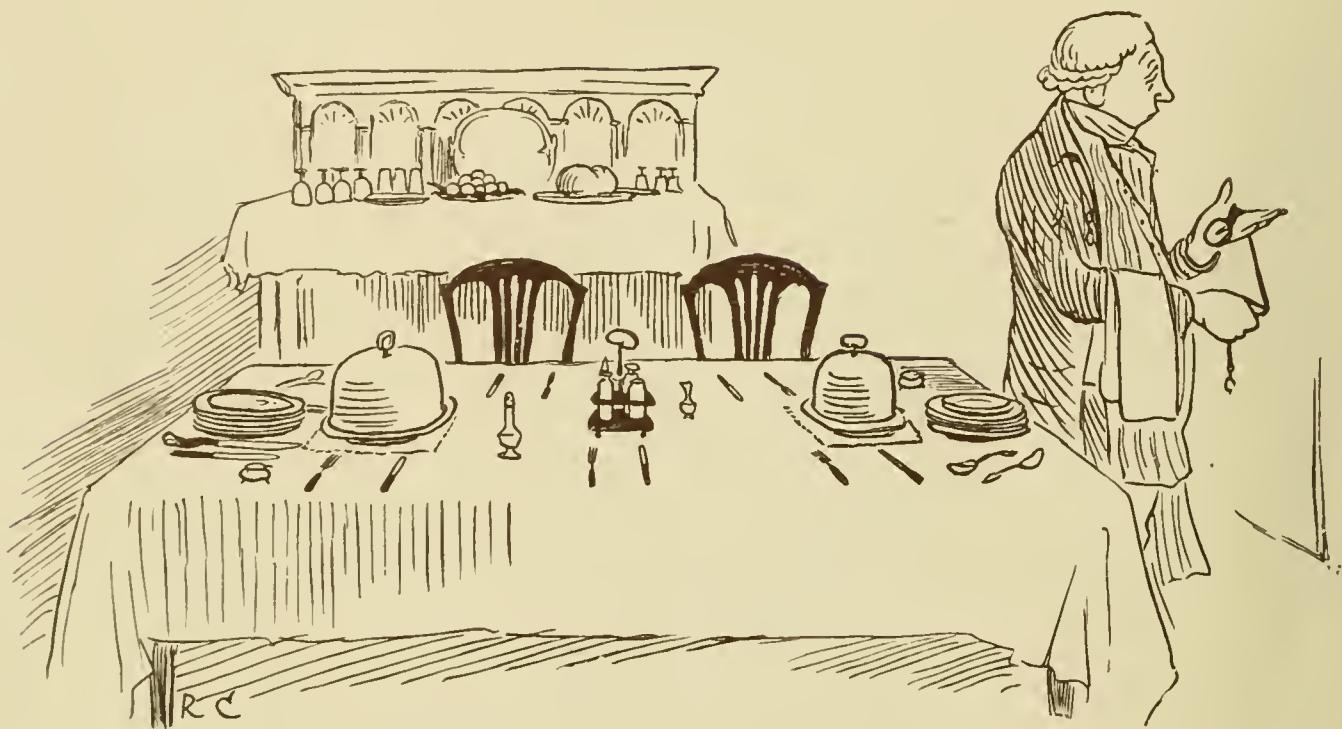
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here’s the

They all at once did cry; [house!]

“The dinner waits, and we are tired;”

Said Gilpin—“So am I!”



But yet his horse was not a whit

Inclined to tarry there;

For why?—his owner had a house

Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,

Shot by an archer strong;

So did he fly—which brings me to

The middle of my song.



Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbour in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him :



“What news? what news? your tidings  
Tell me you must and shall— [tell;  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke :

“I came because your horse would  
And, if I well forebode, [come :  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word,  
But to the house went in ;



Whence straight he came with hat and  
A wig that flowed behind, [wig,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit :  
“ My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.”



“But let me scrape the dirt away,  
 That hangs upon your face ;  
 And stop and eat, for well you may  
 Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “ It is my wedding-day,  
 And all the world would stare  
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
 And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said  
 “ I am in haste to dine ;

“Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
 You shall go back for mine.”

Ah ! luckless speech, and bootless boast !  
 For which he paid full dear ;  
 For while he spake, a braying ass  
 Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
 Had heard a lion roar,  
 And galloped off with all his might,  
 As he had done before.

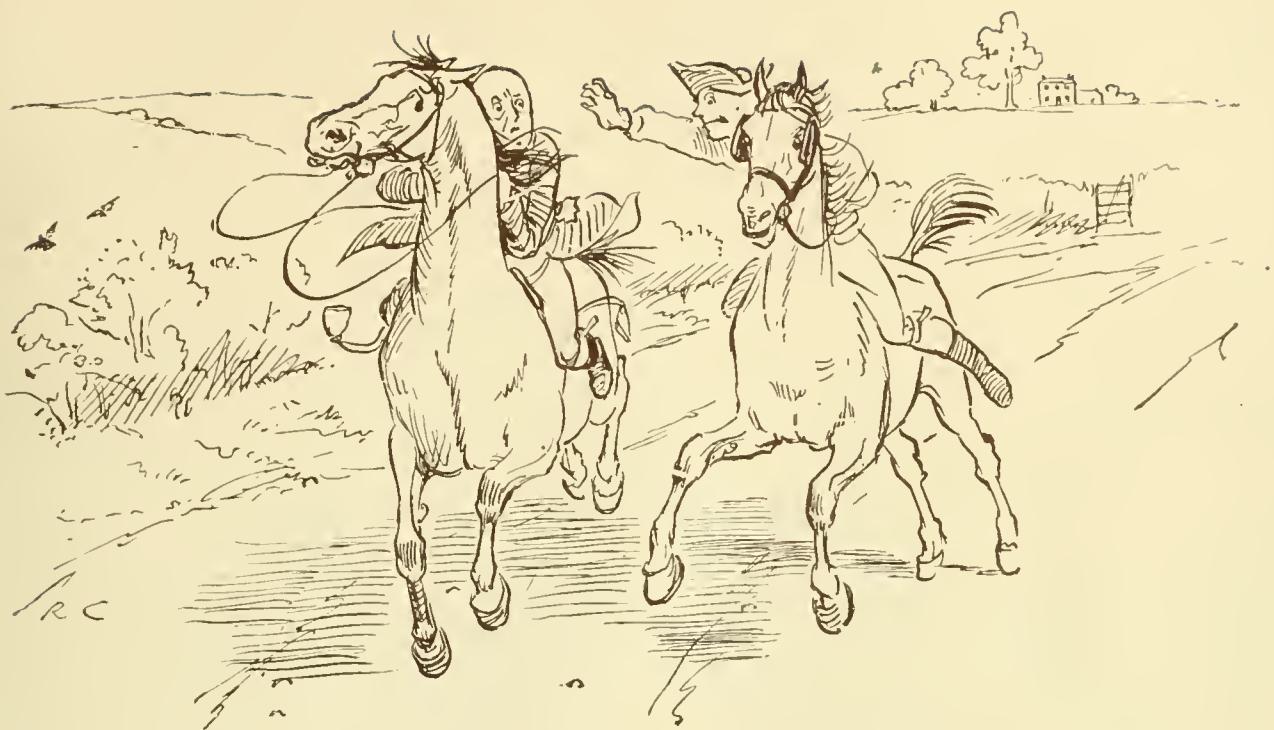


Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why?—they were too big.



Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the "Bell,"  
"This shall be yours when you bring  
My husband safe and well." [back



The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain;  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.



Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry.

“Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!”  
Not one of them was mute;  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit









And now the turnpike-gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-man thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopped till where he had got up,  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,  
And Gilpin, long live he;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see.







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